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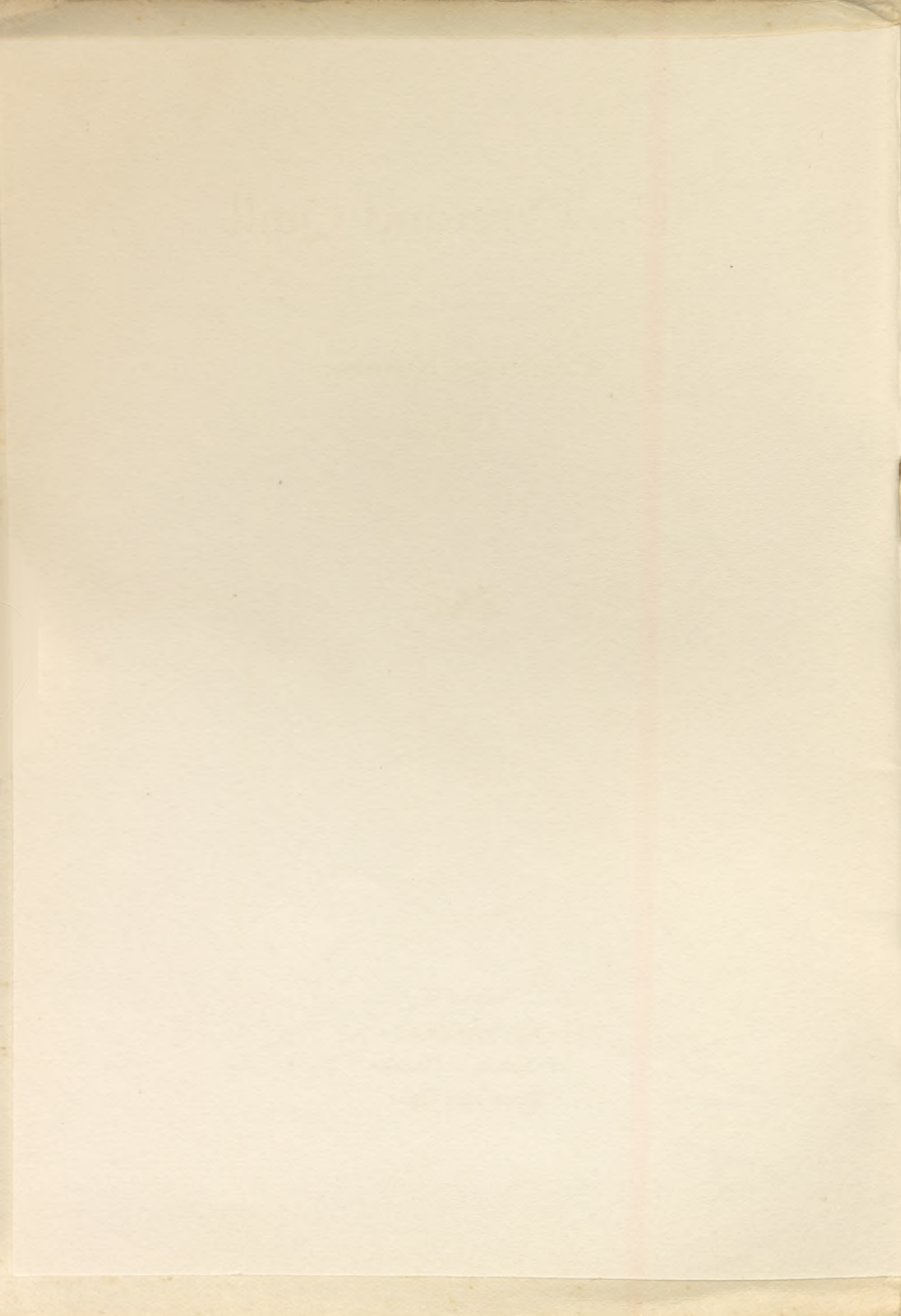
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The
QUIZ and QUILT
CHRISTMAS • 1930



The Quiz and Quill

Christmas Number

1930



Published by

The Quiz and Quill Club
of Otterbein College
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FOREWORD

Greetings to you in the joy of these days!

In this spirit we have brought together a few stories, a few poems and sketches—offerings from the minds and hearts of Otterbein men and women. We give them to you—hoping they may strengthen and fix more firmly the bonds of fellowship and friendliness between us all.

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GOIN' HOME

GLADYS ELLEN FREES, '32

I sat before my heavy-laden study table, supporting my head with one hand and the text with the other. There was an insistent thumping at the base of my brain, and my body ached with weariness. Doggedly I followed the printed line. The alarm clock ticked monotonously. From the radio in the room below drifted bits of strident jazz. Through half-opened lids I watched the words march in single file across the page. The remembrance of a quiz the next day prodded me into renewed effort. Then slowly the words began to recede—to run together—funny little black canals—.

Then, like the caress of a comforting hand, the soothing chords of Dvorak's "Goin' Home" came stealing from below. Tenderly the sweet, piercing tones of a violin began the plaintive melody.

"Goin' home, goin' home,
I'm a-goin' home.
Mother's there, 'spectin' me,
I'm a-goin' home."

I had forgotten how still and holy the countryside was on Christmas eve. Straight to the house with the subdued waiting light the little road led. Mother would be waiting up reading in her worn red wrapper. Paul and father would rouse at the sound of our excited whisperings and call a sleepy welcome. But even before my eager feet had stamped upon the porch, the door would open wide. There would be mother and I, a little child again. After the first precious moments of reunion, mother would solicitously produce some steaming cocoa and hurry me off to bed.

"For you'll want to get up early on Christmas morning."

* * *

Now, at any hour of the day, wherever I am—in the middle of a class or as I slip into unconsciousness at night—the memory of the haunting strains of "Goin' Home" warms me with a glow of anticipation.

CHRISTMAS IN 1930

OLIVE SHISLER, '31

No money for a tall fragrant tree,
No money for tinsel rope or gaudy balls;
Only a soft snow in the night
To make a white blanket
For a brave little spruce
That stands watch by our door.

No money for a new doll with laughing eyes,
No money for a new bike with red wheels.
Only soft gay scraps
To make shabby Peggy new frocks,
Only a can of new paint
For an old scarred sled.

No money for a radio to fill the empty corner,
No money for books for long winter evenings,
No money for Santa to fill his pack
On Christmas Eve.
Only sweet carols sung cheerily,
Only red apples sparkling,
And Mother's voice.
'Twas the night before Christmas.

And all through the house—"
Then

"And there were shepherds in the same country
Abiding in the field, and keeping 'watch
By night over their flock—"

No money—
Only brave hearts, and thankful,
And simple, golden happiness.

VALUES

RICHARD ALLAMAN, '33

I was in a hurry to get to a meeting after dinner that evening. I had good reasons for being in a hurry; my reputation for lack of punctuality was becoming rather distasteful, to be sure, but beyond that this was to be a meeting of much consequence. It was a bi-monthly gathering of the committee on committees of an important organization on the campus. So I ran up the stairway and burst into my room.

The interior of the room presented a scene which was somewhat surprising. For there, looking at the sunset, a thing unusual for him, was my room-mate—his chair tilted back, his feet propped up on the sill of a window, his face red with the reflection of the pageant of color which filled the west.

"Pull up a chair, roomy," he suggested. "I've been sitting here for the last half-hour watching that sunset."

"I'm sorry," I said, "but I have to rush away to a meeting. I'm almost late for it now."

"Forget the meeting," said he. "You'll never see a sunset like this again, but you can go to a meeting any time."

I admitted to myself that my room-mate had struck upon a truth; you can go to a meeting any time. So with but little reluctance I surrendered my intention of going to the meeting, and drew up a chair to the window.

Together we sat and watched the changing lights of the sky as the sun almost imperceptibly fell toward the skyline. The blazing hues of red near the horizon softened and merged into the darker, quieter tones of the sky overhead; clouds edged with gold were all the more wildly beautiful for their shapelessness and irregularity; huge streamers of color shot out, it seemed, to the farthest limits of the heavens. The glory of the sunset shone in a warm, pervading light over all the countryside.

Darkness came on quickly after the sun was set; the

colors of the west blended, and faded, into a mere suggestion of color; stars became visible; and, instead of photographic details of trees, fields and buildings, there were shadowy masses of grey light and darkness. Earth became hushed; the duller sounds mingled into a muffled hum against which occasional noises stood out sharply, as a stroke of vivid color stands out against a duller background on a canvas. Nature was calm with a stillness which seemed the quiet of death itself; yet she was intensely alive. Here was an atmosphere of achievement with poise, of activity beneath which abides peace. And in this atmosphere my room-mate and I sat and talked quietly into the night.

So I missed the bi-monthly meeting of the committee on committees of an organization which was important on the campus; but can one not go to a meeting any time?

DEFIANCE

GERALDINE BOPE, '33

What have they done to you,
Boy with the sun-warm smile?
What have they done to you,
O, red-lipped boy?
Boy with the sun-warm smile!

Throw back your head and laugh at them,
Boy with the white teeth,
Boy with the strong heart!
Throw back your head and laugh at them,
Boy with the rain-swept smile!

TO A SNOWFALL

KATHLEEN WHITE DIMKE, '24

What words are there that can express
The beauty of the snow!
The world transformed into a fairyland.
No artist, no, no master hand
Could reproduce such beauty.

I linger on my walk that I may grasp
Some of the beauty—make it part of me.
A canopy of lace o'erhead,
Each tree a great bouquet
Which one would like to pluck.

Each branch, each smallest twig
Is outlined there.
This must be where the Frost
Conceives the patterns for
His window-pane designs.

A tiny bird alighting on a bush
Shakes down a miniature snowfall;
His song the only break
In this soft quiet.

Not real—too lovely for this world.
How can it be?
Some trick of wanton nature
Who grows tired of sordidness
And grim reality.

I feel so small, unreal,
Like one who, in a dream,
Might wander into some
Great winter palace of the gods.

My mind was tired,
Cares press and
Worldly troubles seem so great.
But this—this lifts me from myself.
Who could resist such beauty!

And still it snows.
The branches of a stately pine droop down,
A tiny evergreen bends low beneath its load
Of alabaster whiteness.

Oh, that I might be gifted with the brush
And try to reproduce
That intricate design—
The silvery whiteness of the universe—
God's winter gift to man.

RAIN

LEHMAN OTIS, '33

Rain! On this of all nights. Kirby snorted. Turned back to his room. Rescued from its dark resting place his yellow slicker. Rain! Of all the luck! Rain on a night like this.

* * *

Kirby breathed an exclamation of wonder. "Gee, Peggy, you're sweet!" Wisps of golden hair peeking from under a close-fitting hat. Red slicker drawn tight at the waist. Trim ankles encased in shimmering silk. But an umbrella?

* * *

Gusts of wind in a rain-swept street. Raindrops dancing on a glistening pavement. Figures, heads bent, shoulders hunched, hurrying. But Kirby smiled, laughed aloud in exultation. Peggy close beside him, touching him, thrilling him. Voices low, in hushed intimacy. Two alone beneath a red umbrella. Kirby had never realized how romantic an umbrella could be.

MUDDY SHOES

GORDON HOWARD, '22

He came to the station in muddy shoes, the mud hard caked from a scrubby farm somewhere in the barren hills. Against the white tile and the clean-swept cement of the station floor his muddy shoes were noticeable.

With him were his wife and daughter. They stood huddled together pathetically. Oblivious they were of the clanging bells, the chugging locomotives, the crushing crowds. No one would have looked at them if it had not been for muddy shoes.

Only fragments of their sorrow and attempted cheer were audible above the comfortless din.

"Three months . . . long time . . . of course, she will get well . . . write often, won't you? . . . of course . . . you are all I have . . . lonesome . . . you'll try and get well soon . . . then hurry back . . . of course . . . long time though . . ."

The train was called. Mother and daughter were swept through the gates, and in no time were caught up in the heedless impersonal rush of the train crowd.

Muddy shoes stayed behind. Muddy shoes, with heels off the ground, poised for minutes to catch a fleeting farewell glimpse.

Slowly muddy shoes came to the ground again. Reluctantly muddy shoes turned and lonesomely trudged away, as a tear fell and washed away a clean, round spot on a muddy toe. Grief is grief, in any kind of shoes.

THE BALLAD DUE ON THE MORROW

EDITH MAY WHITE, '34

The maiden sat on the edge of her chair,
Transfixing th' instructor with terrible stare,
For had he not said, with his hand poised in air,
"The ballads are due tomorrow."

She looked out the window with many a sigh,
She looked at the trees, she looked at the sky,
And then decided she was ready to die,
For the ballads were due on the morrow.

In less than an hour she was in a white rage,
She had written and torn up her sixtieth page,
And it seemed she's been writing full many an age,
On the ballad due on the morrow.

She read many ballads from books and such lore,
She read more that day than she e'er had before;
Then she went to the teacher some help to implore
For the ballad due on the morrow.

"Why the writing of ballads is simple," he said,
"Just tell of some little experience you've had,
Or take the idea from a story you've read,
And you'll have your ballad tomorrow."

Thereupon, she went down to the bank of the stream
And tried to write what she'd seen in a dream;
But the first line alone was more than a scream—
Alas—no ballad tomorrow.

The maiden's decision that she wouldn't write
Came to naught; she arose in the midst of the night,
And she wrote out a poem that was really a fright,
Her *excuse* for the ballad tomorrow.

A sleepless night, face drawn and pallid,
All efforts at poesy far from valid;
She went to the creek and jumped in with her ballad;
No ballad, no maiden, no morrow.

SONNET

MARIE HOBENSACK, '33

Now happiness and flowers riot run.
Now saffron sun motes mingle with the air,
The peace you breathe. The sky, the sheening sun
Of gold are glinting in your eyes and hair.
Now birds with songs like brooks, in singing steal
Your heart's more joyous lilting chant, and bees
Hum honey of content, while wheat-heads kneel
In grateful golden wealth to clovered breeze.
The boding storm, the pregnant clouds, are passed;
The threat, the fear, travailing thunder, fled.

(Your lips were stern; they softly smile at last.)
But rain-lashed petals stain the grass with red.
The lily cups are filled with raindrops yet.
(You smile, but can I know that you forget?)

BEN'S RETURN

DAVID BURKE, '31

Old Ben sat rigidly in his half of a dusty day-coach seat. The voices in the car and the rattle of travel fell on deaf ears. When you see a very old person like him, with stringy gray hair dangling above a sternly set and cruelly lined countenance, and look into cold, narrowed eyes, you are apt to wonder, what can there be in living for that one? But they go on like Ben, sometimes showing a vital life, but often never coming out of their shells. Now Ben was sitting tight, showing no inclination to come out of his shell. He was in a hateful mood, and he would have enjoyed shoving the woman that sat beside him out into the aisle. He didn't, because the others would question him and then give him those blank looks he hated so when he couldn't hear their questions.

It had started with his being run over by an auto that he didn't hear. His doctor bills were high, and he had no way of making a living on account of his injuries. So it had not taken the townspeople long to learn that Ben had good wine to sell. Mabel nagged him not to sell it on account of the law, but his wine was good, and the money came in handy for living expenses, doctor bills and some improvements on the home. Even boys came to buy his wine; that was the reason that Mabel had reported him to the sheriff.

The officers came at night. He had trouble hearing them read the warrant. His wine was well-hidden, but they finally ferreted it out, in spite of his efforts to dissuade them.

They hauled him away with his wine, leaving Mabel to herself. He sat blankly through the trial they gave him before locking him up. He did not understand it all; he was deaf and old-fashioned, and he rankled with the injustice of having to fight under a handicap.

Now he was on his way home, after having been unexpectedly released. All he heard was a few words, mean-

ing, "Your wife is sick." Why did they expect him to go back to her after the way she had sent him to jail. She was unbearable of late anyway, with her ailments, her predictions, and her complaint that he was not making an effort to catch every one of the innumerable words she uttered. He was rigid, unsociable and unapproachable because he would show that he could be as hard as the life that disgusted him.

Even though he told himself that he was in no hurry to get home, the train seemed only to creep. And after he was off the train, in spite of a previous decision not to hurry, he found his steps turning up the side street toward his house as surely as a carrier pigeon will swerve toward home.

His next-door neighbor was out in his garden, and he watched old Ben scuttling along. Smiling to himself as he studied the antique figure beyond the pickets, and as he said to his wife, "Ella, wouldn't that kill you? Look at him beating it for home after swearing that he'd never come back."

She smiled, too, but said, "Poor old codger; we oughtn't laugh at him. I hate to think of what will happen to him when she goes."

"When she passes on, you mean?"

"Yes. He won't last long beyond her. They don't; not when they've been together as long as those two, devoted, wrapped up in each other like lovers. If there were only more in the world like him."

He was creasing his brow to figure out if there was a dig at him in that, when she added, "It's because he really loves her."

Out on the walk Ben muttered to himself, "I hate her." It made him jump. He hadn't thought of it before. Now it was not to his poor hearing alone, nor his arrest that made him better; it was the whole business. Till today he had kept his anger centered on the law, but—now it came like a bolt from the blue of truth. "I hate her."

He tried to undo it by forgetting he had said it. He slammed the gate. He wondered at the violence he found

in his hands. Crash—what odds if the noise did disturb her. Sweat was breaking from his skin, and he found suddenly that he had been holding his breath, so he stopped to breathe. He felt strangely terror-smitten. Why? His gaze turned this way and that. Something was amiss. What? Something in this afternoon sun was so weirdly changed that his lungs wouldn't, or couldn't, do their work. Was it that he had said, "I hate her!" No! He would straighten. A ray of the lowering sun blinded him as he hurried up the yard, through the kitchen and the hall.

"Mama," he said at the door to her room.

No answer came; it was not like her to sleep so soundly.

"MAMA!"

He went in and shook her by the shoulder, but she didn't waken.

Indoors it was dusk. Many neighbors had come in to manage for the old man; the house was crowded with their tip-toeing. They tidied the house, especially the room where she lay, called the undertaker, prepared supper for the bereaved one when he refused to go out for it. No matter their task, their one preoccupation was in that figure seated bolt upright in a chair in a corner of the death-chamber, hands sagging, motionless as carven wood.

"When he does come to!" they whispered. "When he does begin to cry——!" But there were some who thought differently. "No, this is worse—this, while he is stunned yet. Crying eases pain."

Old Ben sat there, staring at the sheeted bed, without a trace of emotion changing his face. It was dreadful waiting for him to break. "He doesn't realize yet; something has to be done." In the hall, they put their fingers to their lips and bent their ears. Silence——

There was a break at last. Low, harsh, throat-trapped it came; a cackle, a sound of brief laughter. And Ben came out of the room faster than they thought his feet

would carry him. It gave them no time to wipe the confusion from their faces. And at sight of it he grew red; there was savage misery in his eyes. And they thought, "How awful! He's too old to stand it; he's gone queer." But they said, "There's supper for you in the kitchen. Sit down and have a bit." But he shrugged by, and shuffled out the back door, because he wanted to be alone and rid of them. Damn them, he wished they were all dead, too, with their whisperings, tear-dabbling. Why didn't they say right out, "Poor fellow, we know your heart is broken, so why hide it? It's too stunning, too cruel a loss."

He had an impulse to go back and challenge them—"What loss? Say, putting sentimentality aside, what loss?" He could imagine their silly, shocked faces as they said to each other, "See, it has unhinged his mind."

What if they were right in thinking he was queer, and it was his mind. He became numb, as if frozen in an iron cloak. Were they right and he twisted?

Scared into sincerity, he tried to think of one single thing in his life with his wife, the loss of which would have subtracted from his happiness. He would be reasonable, he would think back for pleasant memories, he would struggle into the past. Maybe he could find something by and by. Perhaps with time—.

A shingle at the corner of the house was bobbing crazily. Cold sweat stood out on Ben's forehead, for that signal was ghostly, incomprehensible. A calm man would have remembered the outsiders in that room in there, unfamiliar with the purpose of the rope by the bed, would be tugging at the rope to find its use. To the operator it explained how Mabel had signaled for Ben.

But the sweat stood out on old Ben. Vividly, he saw the hand of the dead one on the time-dirtied cord jerking his signal to come in. He did not hesitate to see if he was dreaming. He had to hurry, to show Mabel that he wouldn't fail her. His unlifted feet scratched on

the gravel path to the house. Then he broke through a surprised group and was in the bedroom again.

This time he was not tense and cold, because he was realizing that the stark sheet was concealing something that had once been more valuable than life to him. He went down on his knees beside the bed.

And out in the hall they listened, and sighed, "That's better. He's crying now."

TO AN ANT

MARCELLA HENRY, '28

And, you do not
Know that I exist,
So far is my world
From yours.
A blade of grass, a
Slender shoot of green,
A mounded sandhill
And earth—
That is home, where your life stirs.
I sit above you
And watch—wondering
What your world is;
What I would feel;
How I would comprehend,
If I were you.
Would I not feel earth,
Strength, and warm
Sun on my back?
Would I not know delirious
Pain from wrestling in the dew?
Would I not crawl,
And crawl, and crawl,
Carrying my crumbs
And spanning my blades,
Unmindful of a world
Of men?

A GOWN

MAMIE EDGINGTON, '25

I put an old gown on
To go to dinner.

But when I tried
To smooth the wrinkles out
Before the glass,
I saw green meadows
Fresh in spring,
An orchid sky at sunset,
The moon, a slender bow,
And, too, one evening star.
I heard that chance remark,
"A poem for a poet."
I thought it was the scent
Of old perfume,
And so,
I laid away the dress.

I wanted to be gay
At dinner.

LINES

GERALDINE BOPE, '33

Wet maple leaves of scarlet and amber
Stabbed by the last red sunset-spears—
Weeping in vain for their beauty that's dying—
Weeping in vain with their glistening tears!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF GLENN CLARK

RUSSELL BROADHEAD, '31

A frontier lost; no rugged hills
Nor deep ravines to challenge men;
A new frontier: the spirit world,
It stretches out beyond our ken.

* * *

To recognize with open mind
The dangers lurking in these two:
Destructive anger, selfish fear;
To realize the deeds they do.

* * *

To feel a freedom of the soul,
yearning towards the better life,
Alert yet poised, relaxed yet keen—
An antidote for modern life.

OCTOBER NIGHT

MAMIE EDGINGTON, '25

Last night was a mad night.
The tipsy old moon
Tipped backward
In his glee
And spilled splashes
Of liquid moon-gold
Down through idiotic trees
Into patterns
On the mirrored lake.

MERRY CHRISTMAS

RUTH PARSONS, '31

Another last-minute shopper. All week, all day and all night they come. In dreams they come till waking and dreaming are the same.

Red or green, did you say? Oh, yes, foolish of me, oh, of course.

Oh, my feet, my feet, toothache in my feet.

You want to exchange them, Madam, for smaller? Yes, we have them smaller.

"'Twas the night before Christmas and all through the store,

Belated shoppers continued to pour."

No, that isn't right; poems seem to get twisted somehow.

No, we don't exchange the special sales after Christmas. I am very sorry.

Sorry! I'd like to choke those dames. They love these last minutes. They feel like the Star of Bethlehem itself shining in upon us.

My head whirls, it must be my feet. I'll get a new pair of shoes after the kids' Christmas.

You say my counter looks mussy? You won't need me after Christmas? Oh, well, the Community Chest went over big this year.

Yes, lady, those are lovely, the very thing for Aunt Emma.

Merry Christmas, did you say? Oh, yes; same to you!

ROCK GARDENS

ROY BOWEN, '33

Rock gardens. And more rock gardens. Nearly everywhere I go there's a rock garden, and still the fad is spreading. A pile of rocks, some dirt thrown over them, a few straggly plants stuck in here and there, and, presto! A rock garden!

Now, don't misunderstand me; I'm a lover of beauty and all that. I've always admired flowers, both for their beauty and scientific interest. I've even manifested this interest by studying botany in college, although the fact that it put my one year's science requirement out of the way may have had something to do with it.

But to get back to rock gardens. Now, as for the rock part of it, I've nothing against rocks, either. Maybe I'll take geology next year . . . they say it's an easy way to get another year of science . . . still—my requirement is already out. But the startling climax reached by thoughtful consideration and careful logic which I have been trying to lead up to is this—why combine the rocks and plants? What is the point in mixing specimens showing the cross-pollination of spermatophytes with fossils of cycads and dinosaurs of prehistoric ages? Maybe not dinosaurs—they were those big things, weren't they? Well, anyway those funny little figures on rocks that look as if they had been carved with a penknife—everybody's crazy to have them to stick in their rockeries. Of course, I know there are plants which grow best among rocks, but I have yet to see in any of my excursions out into the open spaces any precise type of plant and a stone seat in front, with the artful designer's initials thereon and the Masonic emblem done on the back in white-washed pebbles, all blended together in any such artificial manner as that in which most of these so popular rock gardens are constructed. And they say that rock gardens are naturalistic!

Most rock gardens, if they follow the conventional

stereotyped form, must have connected with them somewhere a lily pool, meaning a little hole in the ground lined with cement and containing a few pathetic aquatics. I fail to see the point in this either, for one seldom sees in nature among a group of rugged rocks a calm, peaceful little pool with gorgeous water-lilies floating on its surface. Not that the lilies in most rock garden pools are gorgeous. The blooms—if there are any—are generally small, puny things which look as if they are apologetic for their very existence, breathing forth a mute appeal to take them from their poor cramped surroundings to some boggy lake where they can produce beauty for beauty's sake.

The woman in the house next door has a rock garden, and whenever we step out on the back porch we hear a summons from the rock garden (she is always in the rock garden) something like this: "Oh, come on over and see my *sempervirens sarmentosum*; it just bloomed this morning. And I do believe one of the goldfish is going to lay eggs."

Caring little either about rock plants or goldfish eggs we walk over. The plant which has been so greatly lauded is found to be a peculiarly foliated thing having a few pale infinitesimal flowers, and the goldfish doesn't look much different from the average run of goldfish. The proud owner generally makes a rather weak apology, such as, "Of course, I haven't gotten it very well started yet. I think it will look better after the plants get bigger, don't you? And the pool is still a little muddy since Marjorie Anne fell in and upturned the lily boxes. I'm going to get some snails and clams to keep it clean. That will make it better, don't you think?" We always nod in dumb assent.

I suppose the present craze for rock gardens comes from the earnest desire of certain individuals to have beautifully landscaped homes such as one sees in the exclusive districts where such matters are intrusted to the competent hands of landscape architects. The more plebeian seekers of beauty think that it doesn't cost

anything to gather up a few rocks and beg a few plants off the neighbors, and so—a rock garden.

The worst of it is that this morning my mother hinted, gently at first, that the slope back of the garage is particularly suited for a naturalistic rock garden—something individual. Naturalistic and individual! The next thing, we'll have a mess of rocks in our back yard, like every one else. Her parting shot as I left for class was: "And I want it nicer than the woman's next door."

A DIALOGUE

ROBERT COPELAND, '32

I was lying half asleep in a deck chair the evening of the first day out, when I saw a tall, rather good-looking man take the chair second from mine. It was then that I noticed the occupant of the chair between us. How I had missed her I cannot explain; I was neither drunk nor seasick. I was just on the verge of making myself known to her when her other neighbor spoke.

I settled back in my chair. No use now. I might just as well sleep some more, but they had started a conversation and I needed diversion; so why not? I eavesdropped.

"Is this the first time across?" queried the girl in a low, sweet voice.

"Yes, since nineteen eighteen, and that hardly counts," came the answer.

"Then you were in the war?"

"Almost. I got there the day the Armistice was signed."

"I wanted to go as a nurse, but Dad said I was too young."

"I should think so, unless I am badly mistaken."

"Oh, I'm not so young." This a trifle archly.

"I didn't mean—well, you know," quickly replied the man.

"Did you ever see so many honeymooners?" sweetly suggested the girl.

"There are several," rather listlessly. "By the way, you haven't told me your name."

"Perhaps you hadn't asked me."

"Please don't be mean."

"Oh, well, since we are shipmates you may call me Joan. And yours?"

"Jack is enough, since you seem so reluctant."

"Then you want to be that way. I had thought you were different." Joan almost sang with a liquid sweetness. "There goes another couple on their honeymoon."

"Yes; rather disgusting, isn't it?"

"I think it's lovely myself," replied Jane.

"But how long will it last? They will be going over again for a divorce in a year or two."

"*That* is disgusting to me. I can't understand people who are so selfish they can't live together."

"Selfish, did you say? Oh, I don't know. I happen to be going over for that purpose myself," replied Jack as he rose to go.

"Oh, I beg your pardon."

And I, seasoned old globe-trotter, waited until Jack disappeared. Then I turned to my neighbor. "Isn't the light of the setting sun, falling on that iceberg, beautiful and inspiring?"

LINES

From sky—dim, grey,
Falls snow—gently.
To man comes stillness,
Hovers around his heart,
From God
Music—
Melody of quiet,
Harmonies of peace.

REQUEST

DOROTHY JONES, '33

First Prize in Poetry—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Moonlight, starlight,
And brightest burning flame,
All these things she was to you,
I could not be the same.

But now that she is gone, dear,
Won't you let me come,
And be the tiny candle's gleam
That lights the dark way home?

A TREE IN WINTER

ELEANOR WALTERS, '32

First Prize in Poetry—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

You stood alone 'gainst cold grey skies,
As lonely as a friendless man;
An icy wind from purple hills
Struck you blows with a cruel hand.

Your arms reached heavenward that night
As you swayed and moaned in the chilling wind
And every tiny hidden bud
Prayed for the life which was within.

The wind swept back to purple hills,
As tiny flakes from heaven swirled
Into a robe of purest white
For fragile life in brown buds curled.

THE HUNT

MARY MUMMA, '31

First Prize in Prose—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

A clump of tall grass, blades interwoven, snow covered. An ear twitched sensitively,—a long slender brown ear. All else was still and white except the ear under the arch of grass.

Ten feet away stood a girl, clothed in tan. She was still, too,—fascinated by the ear under the snow. Her rifle rose slowly, tensely. The base of the ear! . . . Why hit the base of the ear? It was so pretty . . . A second sensitive twitch warned her. Hurry! but ah,—too late. A flash of brown across the white snow.

BOOM! The brown flash stumbled, halted,—continued brokenly. Shouting, a tall, khaki-clad boy in a red stocking cap hurried after. Joy in his face, triumph in his gesture as he spied the fallen prey. There it lay, gray and brown against the snow, oozing red from its nostrils. Cruel joy, boy in the stocking cap!

Breathless, the girl knelt, felt the limp warmness of the soft furry body. It was dead now,—but still beautiful,—growing cold. So was the snow, so was the day. Beautiful, but cold. So was her heart.

She gave her gun away.

ORISON

RUSSELL BROADHEAD, '31

Honorable Mention—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

To feel within me surging strength of life,
A mighty purpose, born of visions bold,
Conceived by heart, confirmed by mind. And then
When failure and success have spent their heat
I mold my goals to fit a changing world—
Not blindly, not with prejudice, not bound
By creed or clan, but sanely, seeking Justice,
Good-Will, Honor, and Respect for every man.
To feel this surging strength of life—my prayer.

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WINTER COMES

DOROTHY HANSON, '33

First Prize in Prose—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

Winter scenery has long held a peculiar fascination for me, I know not why. Every one sees beauty in a snow-blanketed landscape, but few stop to contemplate the bare brown woods when first laid desolate by winter. It is then that most souls seek the comfort of a hearth-fire that the death of the flowers, the freezing of the merry brooks may be forgotten. But I am strangely drawn to the dreary woods. I do not seek companionship. I find it already there in the dead leaves that crackle and blow about, in the gaunt branches swaying in the wind, in the occasional chirp of a bird. I go with feverish soul as if to an oracle, seeking some word of balm. I return in peace as if that oracle had spoken.

What do the winter woods say to me? They say, "Here are the things that abide. All that abide. All that was weak, winter has taken. We the Trees, we the Rocks, and the Earth stand immovable. Strive thou to achieve beauty such as ours, in rugged strength and stern simplicity."

My soul needs the discipline of winter. Instinctively it leaps with spring's joyful rebirth. It knows quick growth under summer's warmth and rain. It has its autumnal ingatherings. But when the cold blasts blow, can my soul endure?

CHRISTMAS CHILD

MABEL JOE MOSIER, '33

Honorable Mention—Quiz and Quill Literary Contest

She was small and quite frail. That first called my attention to her as we sat in the distinguished church across the aisle from each other. And then I caught the faintest whispers of her tiny voice as we sang the hymns. I could not keep my eyes off her; she seemed so fragile and unprotected among that throng of people. Christmas eve, and what did it hold for her? Poor little victim of circumstance. No happy celebration in the home where she came from. Perhaps there were many brothers and sisters and scarcely any money. Helpless little being, so white and earnest, huddled in her corner of the pew. Those clear eyes, how they gleamed at the minister's kind words—and I scarcely heard them. What a bitter world it must seem to her; but though I searched her face for some trace of sadness I could find none there. She is young, I thought, perhaps only nine; that will come later. Tonight she is not thinking of herself; she has crept away from her poor surroundings, and she is dreaming, building air castles that will tumble. "Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven," I heard the minister say. Suddenly she tilted her pretty face toward mine; she had become conscious of my glances. Then she smiled at me. And in that smile I saw more real love and cheer and warmth than I had ever seen. Everything else was blotted out except that lovely glowing face. I thought, as I tried to smile back at her, "How rich she is, how poor I am."

QUIZ AND QUILL CHRISTMAS LITERARY CONTEST

JUNIOR-SENIOR AWARDS

"The Hunt," Mary Mumma, first prize in prose. "A Tree in Winter," Eleanor Walters, first prize in poetry.

FRESHMAN-SOPHOMORE AWARDS

"Winter Comes," Dorothy Hanson, first prize in prose. "Request," Dorothy Jones, first prize in poetry.

HONORABLE MENTION

"Orison," Russell Broadhead, Junior-Senior Contest. "Christmas Child," Mabel Joe Mosier, Freshman-Sophomore Contest.

